

and their sacred honor to the cause; for they knew their motives were as pure as the celestial milk that drawn from Hera's sacred bosom bleached the plant on which it fell to everlasting whiteness."

That war raged for seven years, bringing with it unspeakable sufferings, but the republic emerged in triumph from it consecrated to freedom, a new light to the world, and the deeds of brave men and the smile of God made glorious its standard.

Then began in earnest the conquest of the wilderness.

From Maine to Georgia, the brave men went out to the conquest, against the savage and the savage wild. Side by side with them walked those sanctified women, who, burying in their hearts a thousand innocent longings, took up the toll, the hardships, the sufferings, the dangers, and, with smiling faces, accepted their fate and upheld their husbands' arms.

For as it has always been, "The grandest battles that ever were fought; have been fought by the mothers of men."

Half a century later an idea of their devotion was given in a single sentence. When General Jackson was president, he went with Daniel Webster to Webster's native New Hampshire home. Looking out upon the granite hills, the general said:

"My God, Webster! What do men raise here for a living?"

The sombre eyes of Webster glowed as he replied:

"Mr. President, they build schoolhouses, and raise men!"

There is nothing in history finer than the spectacle of those pioneers on that march west. They were all poor, each family on an average had less than a Nevada miner receives for a month's work. But so fearless were they and so steadfast of soul, that with every return of this anniversary, they gathered around their rude altars and sang triumphal anthems. When in the autumn they had gathered their little harvests, they held a festival day of Thanksgiving and praise.

The retreat of Xenophon has been ringing down the years for three and twenty centuries.

He had an army of ten thousand men and a march of three thousand four hundred miles to reach the sea. His men were seasoned and perfectly disciplined soldiers. They were armed with swords and spears and protected by helmets and shields. They made the distance in seven months. They crossed rivers and mountains and valleys and patches of desert, but generally their march was through a productive country, where the people had no weapons or organizations to resist them.

Our pioneers started on a march of the same length, but they had to fight their way and fight for food from the first, and they knew in advance it would require three generations of them before, like Xenophon's command, the advance guard could from a height behold the western ocean. They had rifles, bibles and the plow for weapons. Their shields were their tenacity of purpose, their faith in God, and the helmets they wore were the helmets of righteousness. Which was the greater achievement.

Soon other brave men and women from beyond the sea joined them, assimilated with them, and then began the creation of the new American race.

Soon the deep respirations of the steam engine began to be heard on land and on the rivers and lakes, taking some of the labor from arms of flesh and transferring it to arms of steel.

Then the Louisiana and Florida purchases were made, and the Father of Waters held all its course through the new Republic.

New states were rounded into form; new stars appeared on the flag.

A war came, but it was fought through to a glorious finish, more stars appeared on the flag, and on land and sea the flag took on new prestige.

A few years later the magnetic telegraph came to draw men and nations nearer together, and to be to man what Mercury was to Jove—a messenger as swift as light; to carry greetings to loved ones that would seem when received, like carresses; to herald events, to guide men's business, to be a new arm to commerce, to declare wars, to whisper peace to the nations, and it with the perfecting press opened a new school for the people

through the medium of the daily newspaper.

Then followed another war. It was a righteous war, though, not for the reasons given for it.

That too, was ended and gave to our country all the mighty space between the seas, and new stars to the flag. Our country began to be called "The Great Republic," and its progress was the marvel of the world.

But because of a mistake made by the fathers, strife and heart burnings had been awakened between the northern and the southern sections of the Republic, which culminated in a war so terrible that the world, looking on, declared that the great Republic was doomed. The war raged for four years, and when it finally died of exhaustion, half the land was a wreck and the whole land was almost as was Egypt on that dreadful morning when in each house there was one dead.

Then followed some bitter years, but when the passions of men were cooled and the tears were dried, men, north and south, began to realize that the mistake made by the fathers was in truth the perpetuation of a mighty wrong which was recorded as a debt against the nation, drawing compound interest, and that the war was but the insistence on the part of eternal justice that the debt should be paid in full. So the stage for the mighty tragedy was set by unseen hands and the tremendous acts were called by higher powers than mere men.

They realized, too, that the original declaration that "all men are created equal" had at last become true, and that full freedom to all the earth had new securities.

So when a few years later another war was invoked to wipe out a terrible wrong, to the government's call for volunteers the response was a world surprise, for the measured tread of those soldiers from every state, all under one standard, all hastening to one point, all singing the same battle hymns, made echoes like the tolling of the bells of Destiny.

The war closed, with the cruel arm of Spain broken. Then the fairest island in all the seas was redeemed and cleansed of a century's filth; its starving people fed; order established; schools opened; the pestilence that had raged beyond control for three generations, throttled

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